

RICH MAN TAKEN FOR VALET.

Millionaire by Mistake Had Breakfast in Hotel Servants' Room.

R. G. Carter, president of a large rolling mill in Pittsburg, engaged a room on the fifth floor of the new Bellevue-Stratford hotel in Philadelphia the other night, says the New York World. The next morning he arose at 8:30 o'clock and started for breakfast. He got into an elevator and was dropped straight to the basement. By mistake he wandered into the dining room which is reserved for maids and valets.

Schiller, the head waiter, impressed by Mr. Carter's appearance, took the order himself.

The breakfast was brought on and Mr. Carter ate with a relish.

"This is certainly a fine hotel," said the Pittsburg millionaire. "Have you got my bill?"

"Sure thing," said Schiller. "Whose valet are you?"

"Whose?—I say, what the deuce is the matter with you?" Mr. Carter frowned as though his democratic spirit was about exhausted. Then he glanced at the yellow check, which was headed "Maid's Dining Room."

The bill was 35 cents.

"You just sign that," said Schiller, "and your master will settle with the management."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Carter. "This is all a dreadful mistake. I am not a valet. I may be some day, but now I am only the president of a rolling mill company. I haven't any kind master to settle my bills. I'm a guest of this hotel."

When Mr. Carter got his bill the price of his breakfast had been marked up to \$1.50. He paid it willingly.

Chinese Irrigation.

For many years the Chinese have had an irrigating machine, consisting of a trough and an endless chain of buckets, which carry the water up an inclined plane.

MIKADO'S POEM ON WISDOM.

Addressed to the Pupils of the Peers' School at Tokio.

The following poem was written for the students at Peers' school of Tokyo by the emperor of Japan. It was translated by Arthur Lloyd for the Independent.

WISDOM'S GOAL.

[By Matsuhito, his majesty the emperor of Japan.]

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup Changes its form to its receptacle; And so our plastic souls take various shapes.

And characters of good or ill, to fit The good or evil in the friends we choose. Therefore be ever careful in your choice of friends.

And let your special love be given to those Whose strength of character may prove the whip That drives you ever to fair wisdom's goal.

Cocktails on Wheels.

The cocktail perambulator, a novelty in Philadelphia, was recently wheeled about for the first time by the waiters at the Bellevue-Stratford hotel, says the New York Herald. This is the way it works:

A patron orders a cocktail, and away goes the waiter. In a moment the waiter one sees the perambulator approaching on two big rubber tired wheels. The waiter pushes the perambulator to the table where the patron is sitting, and it comes to a halt, maintaining its equilibrium by means of a rod, as does a hansom cab at rest.

Then the waiter takes a glass, some shaved ice and other necessary ingredients from the perambulator, mixes the drink, serves it and wheels the machine away.

For Nasal Catarrh.

To relieve nasal catarrh dissolve a teaspoonful of boracic acid powder and a saltspoonful of salt in half a pint of boiling water. Use about three times a day, lukewarm, by pouring a little into the palm of the hand and drawing through the nostrils.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Brazil and Her Fathomless Forests—A Little Display That Represents More Forests Than All Other Forestry Exhibits at the World's Fair—Brazil's Most Valuable Tree the Rubber Producer—Strange Winged Things in the Moth and Butterfly Cases—Barks That Do Remarkable Things in the Way of Tanning—Colonel Aguiar's Exquisite National Palace—The Human Chute of the Brazilian Fire Departments—Brazil Firemen as Manufacturers of Fire Apparatus.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT.)

Even so late in the season as this, one is filled with regret that the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game was not made of rubber, so that Brazil might have had more room. I am sure Brazil could have furnished the rubber. The mention of rubber recalls a young lady's declaration: "Oh, I'm going to rubber and rubber to my heart's content. That's what I pay my 50 cents for." So we are all "rubbering" everywhere, till our necks protest with lameness.

Brazil! Vast beyond our appreciation! Wonderful beyond our comprehension! If you are losing flesh worrying over the future timber supply, if you are lying awake nights wondering where the succeeding generations are going to get cord wood to keep the family sawbuck from ennui, just turn to Brazil. The Amazon forests contain 2,000,000 square miles of timber. Think of the village newspaper subscriptions still untouched in those billions of trees and the paper pulp, too. If necessity arises! Two million square miles! Ten times the area of France! Two-thirds the area of the United States!

Here at the world's fair Brazil has a very narrow space—no more than a state allotment—but she was a late comer, and regrets are mutual. The Brazilian flora embraces more than 17,000 species. A vast expanse of the Amazon forests is inundated yearly, and it is here that the water loving trees grow in tropical luxuriance and density. Upon the uplands are the other forests, as old as Mount Ararat perhaps, and containing trees 300 feet high and infinite in variety. As well might you expect a prince's bride to crowd her trousseau into a collar box as to expect Brazil to display her woods in this narrow space. But she has made a brave effort and has ornamented it with cases of birds and reptiles and strange things of many sorts.

The tree of greatest value to Brazil and to the world at large is the Synphonaea elastica, the tree that produces the India rubber of commerce and of manifold usefulness. Here are some huge round balls of the pure rubber, except for the smoke that has been put into it in the preparation of the material for export. The rubber gatherer prepares a stick, which he dips into the white milk sap of the rubber tree which he has gathered and then holds it in the smoke of an outdoor fire to coagulate. The dipping and smoking process goes on till a large ball is formed, and it is ready to ship to market. In 1902 Brazil shipped nearly \$37,000,000 worth of raw rubber and imported only \$500,000 worth of manufactured rubber products. The immense forests of northern Mato Grosso have not even been explored, and Brazil is able to assure the rest of the world that she has enough rubber for the world's uses for a long time to come.

Collectors of butterflies and moths are attracted by the several ornamental collections of these insects. Here is one of the emperor's moths ten inches or more from tip to tip and worth \$15 in the moth collector's catalogue. Brazil has many brilliant species of butterflies, from the changeable or iridescent blue to the variegated kinds of infinite number. Very curious is the one known as the "living leaf," a large insect whose wings are the exact counterparts of tree or bush leaves. Why nature so carefully shields the identity of one insect and makes others so brilliant as to catch the eye is one of the mysteries of creation. It would take sharp eyes indeed to find a "living leaf" in its natural habitat, for in color and in the veining the wings are perfect leaves. Huge tarantulas are centerpiece in two collections. Such big fellows are the more deadly, as it seems to be a law of nature that the mature insects and reptiles of the poisonous species are the more to be feared. The bite of such a tarantula would very likely result fatally within a few hours.

Brazil has more kinds of barks than a dog show. Here are eighty-three varieties of barks, roots and woods whose chief value is in their tanning qualities. And with the tanning is the coloring, too, from a creamy chocolate to a brick red. These barks choose in their richness from 22 to 35 per cent tannin, or nearly double the value of oak bark, one of the American tanning agents. Three of the barks are said to produce white leather, extracting from the hide all the coloring matter and depositing none. Another bark, the aranea, colors the leather black when tanning it. Other barks produce reds and blues. While tanning agents may become scarce in some parts of the world, the scarcity is only local. The forests of Brazil and other countries of South America are a guarantee of an abundance of tanning materials for generations to come.

Brazil is magnificent at the world's fair as well as in her place upon the map, where she occupies one-fifth of the land of the earth's surface. The

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There is no ailment originating from any of the organs of the digestive and drainage system, but what will readily succumb to the use of "Seven Barks"—a purely vegetable preparation, put up on a noted German physician's original formula. It is not a patent medicine.

If any one with stomach, liver or kidney troubles will call at our store and get a bottle of "Seven Barks," take as directed—and if all the benefit one should expect is not derived, no charge will be made. We are not taking chances in making this offer, for we know the character of the remedy and we are satisfied it will do all that is claimed for it.

Red Cross Pharmacy.

160 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

Brazilian pavilion rises far above all other structures in the foreign section of the exposition, the central jewel in a tiara of incomparable gems. It is one of the landmarks for the transient visitor, who reckons the location of other things in the western part of the grounds by the white palace of Brazil. It is due to Colonel F. M. de Souza Aguiar, the commissioner general, to say that he designed and built this superb structure. Brazil appears in nearly all departments of the exposition with her innumerable products and evidences of progress. In education she shows her school buildings and equipment and the work of pupils. In fine arts are 107 exhibits by Brazilian artists. In liberal arts are samples of printing, photography, books and book binding, maps and apparatus for geography, cosmography and topography, weighing scales, musical instruments, pharmaceutical preparations, paper and engineering exhibits. Brazil is still too young a country to manufacture articles for export, but she has deemed it wise to prove to the world that she is in part supplying her home market with manufactured articles, such as cutlery, furniture, tools and implements of many kinds, stationery, jewelry, hardware, pottery, glass, fabrics of cotton, wool and silk, leather goods and wearing apparel. Her display in the electrical department shows the application of electricity rather than any attempt at manufacturing electrical apparatus.

When the cry of fire rings out on the night in a Brazilian city very much the same hubbub takes place as in a North American town. But Brazilians have one piece of apparatus we do not use. It is the human chute. It consists of a stout piece of canvas long enough to reach on an easy slant from the fourth or fifth story of a building to the ground. One end is hooked behind an upper story window sill and the other held securely below, while escaping occupants slide down with the utmost enjoyment, no doubt. In Brazil the firemen are trained to make all their own apparatus as an economic policy, which appears to work out most admirably, cultivating habits of industry among the men and making each member of the department more valuable than otherwise he would be.

Brazil's transportation exhibits embrace many fine things in saddlery and odd things in the way of vehicles and means of travel in regions remote from the large towns. In agriculture, forestry, mines and metallurgy, fish and game and anthropology Brazil is a country of incomparable resources.

Coffee is her greatest exhibit, and her displays are made upon the main floor of the government pavilion, where samples are served to the public. Here also the coffee hulling machinery may be seen in operation. Brazil's expenditure at the world's fair is \$600,000. Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

Nationality and Sensibility.

A ship's doctor who has made 100 voyages declares that the American girl does not become seasick so readily as her European sisters. The English girl is next in order of resistance, while the French girl succumbs most easily.

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LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE. A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used (water in paste polishes ruins the stove). No dried-up paste remains after using a while. Parlor Pride good to the last drop. Sold by all dealers. In Barre by Smith Bros., Choate & Bird, Merchant & Granger, H. D. Tomasi, Eastman Bros., Mrs. G. H. Griffin, W. H. Conner, Bowden & Lyon, P. D. Ladd, Reynolds and Son and Pringle & Averill.

DANGERS OF AUTO RACING

Leon Thery's Suggestions For American Road Contests.

BARR OUT ALL NOVICES.

French Automobilist and Bennett Cup Winner Says Drivers of Racing Machines Ought to Be Men of Ability and Skill.

Leon Thery, the winner of the Gordon Bennett cup automobile race in Germany last June, was the guest of the Automobile club of America the other night in New York and at the request of President Winthrop E. Scarritt, the famous French racing automobilist, gave a brief talk on his experiences in road racing, supplementing his remarks with a few ideas regarding the conditions of racing abroad and in the United States, says the New York Times. Since his arrival Thery has visited the course recently used in the Vanderbilt cup race and made a careful study of all its good and bad features. He does not speak English fluently, so that his talk was translated into English for the benefit of the members by Gustave Callois, who came over with Thery and who also ranks among the leaders of French automobilists of note.

President Scarritt said in introducing Thery that he was anxious to hear as many practical suggestions as possible, with a view of improving the Vanderbilt racing conditions next year. Mr. Thery began at once with a discussion of the road.

"In France," he said, "we had the road first, then the railroad. Here you had the railroad first, and hence your public highways are not, as a rule, as good as ours. The Vanderbilt cup course was good, but there was too much of a sameness about it. It was flat and had some bad turns, but when the machine had become accustomed to these it simply had to do the same thing over and over again. There was little variety. In the Gordon Bennett course, which was ninety miles long, there was a hill nearly two-thirds of a mile long, and one of the controls was at the foot of the hill, so that when the car stopped the brakes had to be put on. Then the start was very difficult, as the hill had a 15 per cent grade, and the ability of the motor was taxed severely to get up the hill from a standing start. An entirely different machine, therefore, would be built for such a course than for a flat and short one like the Long Island course."

One valuable suggestion that Thery made was that the drivers of racing automobiles should be men of ability and skill. He pointed out how, in France, a prominent firm would not sell one of its fast racing cars to a novice, as the inexperience of the latter might damage not only the car, but also the reputation of the manufacturer. He mentioned the fact that in the last three big races abroad, including the Gordon Bennett race, not an accident occurred, due in a large measure to the ability of the drivers.

The greatest danger, Thery said, in a fast road race is in turning corners. He did not fear a punctured tire when going at full speed on a level, but a puncture when turning a corner might have very serious results.

One of the members asked Thery if on a level his car went as fast as it could, the member stating that Four-

Sour Stomach

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could not get relief until I used Cascarets. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

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nier had at one time said that no racing automobile ever had made its limit of speed simply because the nerve of the driver was not equal to letting it out to its maximum speed. With a wonderfully expressive smile and a shrug of the shoulders, as only a Frenchman can give in expressing his contempt for such an assertion, Thery replied in a few words of French, which were translated by Callois as follows:

"Sure he went as fast as he could. If his car could have gone faster he would have made it go faster. He says that's foolish. Every good driver gets all the speed out of his car that it can give when racing on a level stretch."

Nothing quite so thrilling in the racing line has ever been seen on the American continent as the recent international automobile race on Long Island for the Vanderbilt cup, says a New York dispatch to the Philadelphia Press. Not only was the race itself sensational, but there were many incidents that thrilled the spectators along the course which were not visible to the spectators in the stands. Here is one of them:

The most exciting incident of the day was at Plain Edge corner. Campbell, the driver of Mr. Stevens' Mercedes, and Fernand Gabriel came roaring down the Massapequa road almost abreast of each other. It was clear that Gabriel was trying to pass Campbell and that he was in no mood to stand back on ceremony. Although Campbell had the lead some distance before they approached the acute angle, Gabriel made a spurt and threw his machine out upon the grass entirely out of the field.

He came alongside Campbell at a time when it seemed they would hurt both machines out into the field twenty feet from the corner. It appeared that the wheels of the two automobiles were already entangled when by some marvelous trick the Frenchman caused his racer to gracefully retire and wait for Campbell to pass around the death trap. Then, with a leap, Gabriel went after him, overtook him within 200 yards and passed him, while the awe-stricken crowds, with their hearts in their throats, cheered loudly.

English Dining Table Novelty.
Seeking the ever to be desired "new thing," some of the English smart set have devised a new method of "passing the bottle," says the New York Herald. A tiny locomotive, driven by a motor concealed under real coal in the tender, crawls on a track laid on the table miniature cars carrying various sorts of liquid refreshments.

British Timbers.
The oak is the heaviest of British timbers. Next comes beech, then ash, apple, maple, cherry, walnut and pear. Poplar is lightest of all.

Lantern Street Lights.
In 1907 the New York state council ordered householders to hang out lanterns—the first street lighting in America.

Fancy Creamery Butter.

The Ice Cream season is over except on orders, but we are still making that Fancy Creamery Butter which pleases so many people. Have you tried it?

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The Times' Daily Short Story.

AN AMATEUR PHYSICIAN

(Original.)

"Those people," said the medical student, "who are always telling an invalid just what's the matter with him and recommending some peculiar treatment are a nuisance."

"I was once very much benefited by one of these amateur physicians," replied the artist.

"You? How?"

"You know Ned Bradley?"

"Yes; a simpleton. He's one of that kind—knows more about medicine than a whole school of doctors. Did he doctor you?"

"Well, yes. I was feeling very bad one spring, and in the midst of my ailments ran across Ned. I know what the matter with you," he said. "It's your heart. Going to a closet he brought out a stethoscope and clapped it to my heart. He listened awhile, then rushed off to a case where he kept half a dozen medical books with such titles as 'One's Own Doctor,' 'Medicine Made Easy' and the like, and, taking one of them, he hunted through the leaves till he found 'heart disease.' After reading what it said he reluctantly informed me that I was liable to drop down dead at any moment."

"Of course you submitted the case to a physician?"

"That's what I should have done, but I dared not lest he should confirm what Bradley had said. Instead I went about expecting each day would be my last. The flesh melted from my bones. I lost my strength. I was on the verge of collapse. Then I began to make preparations for my death. I had \$50,000 in government bonds and no relative in the world to whom to leave them. The only person I loved was Mary Klugget, and Mary was receiving the attentions of Alex MacArthur. Nevertheless, my affection for her was of the true kind. We had been chums at school, hunted butterflies together in summer and skated to gether in winter. Then, when we grew older, we read the same books, thought the same thoughts, had similar aspirations. All went well till MacArthur appeared; then I dropped away. But I loved Mary so well that I resolved to leave her my bonds."

"After that I went downhill at to-hoggen speed. Somehow I felt averse to meeting people—they bore an invalid so, asking how he feels, and all that—so I kept at home and at last took to my bed. I called in a doctor and took any quantity of medicines, but none of them did me any good."

"Did you tell him about your heart disease?"

"No; I preferred to have him make his own diagnosis. At least, this is the excuse I made to myself for not telling him. The truth is, I didn't dare tell him for fear his reply would end

the business at once. When I got so low that I thought I wouldn't last much longer I resolved to send for Mary and give her my property. When she came and saw my condition she burst into tears.

"Mary," I said, "you remember how we used to play together, read the same books—what pleasant times we had in each other's companionship? Well, all this made you the only being in the world to me. Now I'm going to leave you. There is the key to my box in the safe deposit company, and here is a paper making you a present of the contents. You will find there fifty \$1,000 United States bonds. Take them, and may Alex MacArthur make you happy."

"She just bent down over me and whispered:

"You have made a great mistake."

"And you're not going to marry Alex?"

"No."

"You don't love him?"

"How could I when I have always loved somebody else?"

"She said this so softly and looked at me so tenderly out of her brimming eyes that I began to suspect I had made a fool of myself in drawing out of the race so easily."

"Mary," I whispered, "is it I you love?"

"Yes; and if you get well we will enjoy life together."

"And if not?"

"Then I don't want your bonds."

"She was sitting on the bed beside me, my arms about her, and her cheek down against mine. The door opened and in walked Ned Bradley."

"Hence," he said, "I've found out there's nothing the matter with you after all."

"What?"

"You're well enough, so far as your heart is concerned."

"Then what did you mean by telling me that I was liable to drop at any moment?"

"I got hold of the wrong book."

"He was going on to explain, but I grasped a pitcher that stood on a table beside my bed, and as he vanished out of the door the crockery splintered all over the floor. I sank back exhausted with the effort, for I had really brought myself down to a low state by worrying, and gasped for breath. Mary put some liquor to my lips and revived me."

"Mary called a servant and ordered a carriage. In half an hour we were bowling along a fine road, and I was coming up famously. Mary stuck to me for a fortnight, at the end of which time I was as strong as ever."

"Upon my word," said the medical student, "I didn't know you could be such a fool!"

"An artist should have a strong imagination, you know. I've always felt kindly toward Ned Bradley because he was the means of bringing me and my wife together."

"H'mph," grunted the medical student. "Suppose he had killed you?"

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